

## Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI

### LOVE'S NECROMANCY.

It may perhaps seem strange to you to know that these fair ways we two do tread to-day. Were dreary ways for me not long ago; No bird's song thrilled my soul, no laughs did sway. So low that I could catch their faint perfume. And all the yester's ways were full of gloom. And how I longed for ways I did not know! And strained against environment! till I. So fretted by the endless to and fro. Impatient bided till the time to die! And trudged the way all void of bloom or song. And all my plaint was: "Lord! how long! how long!" And then there crept into my life, there did. A subtle something weaving me as soft. As zephyr's touch! I heard the katydid. I heard a bird from somewhere up aloft; And unsuspected beauties marked the way. That was so drear and dead but yesterday. And down sweet vistas fingers interlaced I walked with you, ways erstwhile so forlorn. And dew-wet blooms did border where we paced. And in love's hush a soul exultant born Sang to it's God! A million years of joy With you in these old ways would never cloy!

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

### Comus and Perplexities.

By S. RHETT ROMAN.

BEATRICE sat gazing in the red and green and blue flames of the fire, burning ruddily in an open fireplace, her rounded chin leaning in the pink palm of a particularly pretty hand, and from the expression of her gray eyes, the fire or the picture of life she saw in it was not to her liking. And yet, that so very pretty a woman, among accessories which indicated a large command of the good things of this world, its pomps and beauties, including a capable French maid, just then engaged in putting a few finishing touches to the evening gown she expected to wear at the last carnival ball of the season—should look as if everything was a delusion and a snare, even some glorious American beauties in a bowl on the table—was unnatural, ridiculous and incomprehensible, to say the least. A smile, half-amused, half-bitter, flitted over her face, or was it the flicker of flames shooting upward which gave so dreamy and pathetic a look to the curve of her red lips and the droop of long lids, half-shading eyes of exceptional beauty. Laying a filmy, glittering gown with extreme care on a divan, after having ascertained that its laces and shimmering satin were as they should be, her maid drew up a tabourette and deftly and silently prepared the cup that cheers. But still Beatrice pondered perplexedly and disconsolately over her problem. The hall door down stairs opened and closed with a bang, and a man's voice was faintly heard, then a peal of merry girlish laughter, which sounds must have in some distressful way affected Beatrice's moody reverie, for a hot flush spread over her face. Leaving back she took up a pretty Sevres vase by her side and began to sip her tea in a nonchalant manner and the careless grace of a thoroughly trained woman of the world. The gray voice, which was rich and resonant, seemed to be answering some one as its owner came running up the stairs, pausing occasionally to hear what the deeper masculine tones were saying in the hall below. Evidently something of interest, for again a peal of laughter came, unsmothered but distinct, through the heavy hangings and closed doors of the luxurious room where Beatrice lounged before the fire. Again the hall door closed heavily, and that of the room opened quickly, and lifting the portier, a young girl in a dark riding habit, well held up, which showed two small patent leather boots and a suspicion of buckskin trousers, paused, then came rapidly forward. "Bea, darling, it was perfectly delightful! Just cold enough to make a good gallop glorious. We picked these ferns for you, or rather, when I saw them growing on the edge of the road, going down into the prettiest ravine you ever saw, I said how much you loved ferns, and he jumped down and picked them. He carried them all the way home. We had to race almost to get here in time for dinner. Give me a cup, too, Marie! I'm dying for something to eat or drink. How nice and comfortable you look, Bea."

Julie Shelbourne (called Jules), Beatrice's sister, who had always been her pet and special care, threw herself down on the white bearskin rug before the fire, after tossing her small beaver, gloves and whip on a chair, and leaned her braids of shining golden hair against Beatrice's knees and prepared to sip her tea and gossip comfortably. "You don't mean to say you went to Harley's gap?" Beatrice said, passing a loving hand over Julie's braids. "Yes, indeed. It was awfully far, but he had so much to talk about we—didn't mind the distance." Jules said laughingly, glancing up at the beautiful face above her. But the gray eyes remained inscrutable; only the jewels on Beatrice's hand scintillated and flashed in the firelight, as if some unsteady movement shook them. There was a pause, interrupted by the soft rustling to and fro of Marie, the French maid, as she set things in order with deft precision, while glancing sharply from two snappy and observant black eyes at the two sisters, one much older than the other, but both possessors of rare beauty.

With Beatrice there was the charm and grace of thoroughly developed womanhood. Jules had the frank gaiety of careless, immature youth, and much promise for the years to come. "How old are you Jules?" Beatrice asked, when Marie, going out, closed the door softly. "Why, don't you know, sis? I'm 17, of course. Almost grown up." Beatrice laughed a peculiar little laugh, half gay, half sad. "Almost grown up! Jules, do you know you are at a terrible age? Too old to be treated as a child and not old enough to—"

"To go out riding with Sidney Marsh? Is that it, Bea?" Jules asked, looking up squarely and frankly in the lovely face above her. "That depends," Beatrice said, shading her face with a diminutive Japanese hand screen. "On what does it depend?" Jules inquired with careless interest, transferring her gaze to the burning ash logs. "On what Sidney Marsh says to you, and you to him," Beatrice answered, and because of the jeweled dragons on the screen Jules could not see her face. "He is as nice as he can be, and I love to go riding with him. We talk of all sorts of things—and people—and sometimes he says the nicest, prettiest things, Bea, dear, one ever heard. I like him ever so much. I would tell you—only I promised—"

Beatrice started up quickly from her graceful, lounging attitude, and taking Jules' flushed and happy face in both her hands, looked steadily down at her. "Jules! Jules! You remember you promised faithfully, you would tell me everything. Has Sidney Marsh dared to say anything—has he asked you any promise?" "Why, yes. He made me swear I would not tell you a word of what he said and I'm not going to, sis, darling. It was nothing dreadful. It was delightful," and Jules laughed again gayly. But Beatrice rose and, ringing for her maid, looked white and almost stern, if so beautiful a face could be said to look other than tender and lovely. "You need not tell me anything. I will see him to-night," Beatrice said, then turned quickly to give various directions, as the chimera of her clock warned that Comus and her several "call outs" for the maskers' quadrille would not wait her convenience, and that her bachelor uncle, an elderly clubman, who took both pride and pleasure in the social success of his niece, would be waiting for her shortly. "You must dance a lot with him, Bea. He is the nicest man in town, and awfully good-looking. Don't you think him handsome?" Jules went on, gayly, without waiting for an answer, and presently one of Chopin's delicious waltzes, sounding faintly from the library, seemed to indicate to Beatrice an exuberant happiness, and faith in the future. A faint sigh disturbed the lazes of her gown and made the jeweled star holding them in place quiver and pulsate. "I made the mistake of thinking him finer and better and more trustworthy than other men," she thought bitterly. "Honest looks and sincerity?" Jules asked. "Sidney Marsh shall never learn that Beatrice Shelbourne was silly enough to take his pretty gilded speeches for pure gold. Nor shall he trifle with Jules. My darling, light-hearted, splendid Jules, I will make him understand to-night—"

"Monsieur Shelbourne fait dire a mademoiselle qu'il est tard," Beatrice's maid said, gathering up her mistress' jeweled fan, silver embroidered wrap and huge bouquet of roses, while Bea stood slowly drawing on her long gloves. "Isn't that too lovely for anything?" Jules exclaimed, rapturously, as Bea came in the drawing room with an apology for being late, to an aristocratic, gray-haired elderly man, standing on the hearth rug sipping a glass of old port. "Very charming. You understand the art of dress, my dear. Or you have the sense to go to the leading artists of the world for your gowns. You are right to trust to their inspiration. A woman who can afford to dress should always go to Paris," her uncle said approvingly taking her wrap and placing it lightly around her slim, perfect figure, with the skill of a courtier well accustomed to such offices. "Bravo, uncle! you did that splendidly. There is only one man as nice as you are in the whole world," Jules exclaimed, kissing Beatrice gently as if afraid to mar her radiant beauty. "And that is?" her uncle queried, looking sharply from under his quickly drawn brows, at Jules. "Sidney Marsh. Who else could it be?" Jules answered gayly. Beatrice gathered up her long shimmering, sweeping skirt and went out, her uncle following, with her roses. The click of little satin slippers feet sounded on the polished floor of the hall. "She is the loveliest, sweetest and best sister the sun ever shone on," Jules thought. "If she would only like Sidney Marsh," she added regretfully, going back to the fire as the quick trot of horses sounded down the street. Jules sniffed up the sweet scent of iris and violets which as far back as she could remember was always with Bea, and lapsed into an arm chair and a mood. "What does the child mean? Nothing serious, I hope?" Keith Shelbourne asked anxiously, as they rolled towards the opera house. For they were his wards, and this apparently selfish and cynical old bachelor had a very tender spot in his withered heart for his two handsome and very wealthy nieces. "Sidney Marsh is all very well, quite a talented fellow, and a rising young lawyer. Very prominent, too, in the political arena. Shouldn't wonder if he went to congress at the next elections. But Jules is ridiculously young, my dear, to have notions on certain things. She is clever and very determined. We must take precautions. I advise you to get Mrs. Thomas Burton to chaperon you, and take Jules abroad for a year. You had better

leave early in the spring. Think it over, Beatrice, and let me know tomorrow. I will make the proper arrangements without charge. I will cable over for the suite of rooms I occupied last year in the Boulevard Poissonniere. They are particularly good and well located."

Beatrice agreed pleasantly, declared there was no great harm done yet, and thought the Avenue Poissonniere would suit admirably. "I almost forgot to thank you for my roses. They are lovely," Bea said, as the carriage stopped before the opera house. "I regret to say I can't lay claim to your thanks. They are due to some one else," her uncle said, as they threaded their way through the gay, laughing, glittering throng, going in to enjoy the splendors of the Comus ball. Beatrice flushed, and smiling, and with a look in the depths of her glorious eyes as inscrutable as it was fascinating, created more than her ordinary sensation. She stood surrounded, as usual, exchanging gay witticisms with the maskers. The hours sped by and it was growing late, and Sidney Marsh' repeated entreaties had failed to secure for him even a few moments of Bea's time, and he was impatient and hugely disgusted. "Can't you get rid of them? They are a beastly crew. Do come in that proscenium box with me. It's awfully hot down here. I have so much I feel I must say to you. Do come," Sidney Marsh urged with a strange excitement, and evident meaning. Bea shrank back and caught her breath sharply. Her color wavered as she looked up in the earnest, manly face before her, and during the short pause which followed a thousand thoughts whirled through her brain. "You are very unreasonable. The idea of seeking retirement in a box when all these delightful maskers are around. There is one over yonder who has been trying to reach me for the past ten minutes."

"Walk with you? Certainly. If you'll tell me who you are? Knight of the Moon? Yes, of course. But as an everyday mortal?" Bea moved off gallily on the masker's arm without glancing back. "Will you see me to-morrow at one?" "You must," Sidney Marsh strode forward and said with intense insistence, as she turned from him. The brilliant throng closed around her; Comus ball was more than usually gorgeous and delightful, and it was late when the handsomest woman there that night leaned wearily back on the cushions of her carriage, as she was being driven rapidly homeward. "I congratulate you, my dear. You were without a doubt the most noticed woman and the best gown at the ball," Keith Shelbourne said to his niece, stifling a tired yawn. Bea went wearily to bed and hoped never to see another Carnival ball. "Why, Bea, darling, it's awfully late. Do get up. Open your eyes. Here are some more exquisite roses for you. They're just come. Hurry and dress, and we'll go out for a brisk drive."

Jules buried Bea's face in the sweet wet flowers, and kissing her rapturously, whispered in her ear: "Sidney Marsh is to be here at one o'clock. You must see him, dearie, in the library. Do be nice to him, like a dear, darling angel." Then she slipped out of the room. Well, the crisis had come, and Bea had to face it. Jules was too young, but if her life's happiness was at stake Bea would certainly not interfere beyond stipulating for six months abroad during the spring and summer. In six months she thought she would grow used to the idea, and, as her uncle said, Sidney Marsh was a fine man. Beatrice's thoughts slid off while she was fastening one of her roses to her pale tea gown, picturing a career of ambitious success for a man whose strong face stood out distinctly before her, and whose eyes, with their pleading look, seemed to follow her everywhere. There was a ring at the front door and a moment later a card was brought to her. "Show Mr. Marsh into the library," she ordered. He was standing facing the door when she came in. A flood of color swept over Bea's face, then receding, left her pale as marble. "I have come to ask my life's happiness at your hands," Sidney Marsh said with simple directness, coming forward and enfolding her hands in his. "Yours?" Bea said faintly. "What does Jules say?" The door opened suddenly. "Oh! Jules exclaimed. Then, "For heaven's sake, do take him! I promised him I would persuade you to marry him, whether you wanted to or not. He's such a nice fellow. Bea, darling! I'd love to have him for a brother. Now, do be reasonable, like a sweet dear, and listen to him."

The door shut and Sidney Marsh held out his arms. "There was such a long and deadly silence that Jules grew alarmed. She felt she was justified in taking a peep. There was no telling what might have happened. Then she danced a cake walk over the polished floor of the hall—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Euphemism. Mrs. C. Jones was horrified to discover that her little seven-year-old daughter was acquiring the habit of alluding very freely to the devil, and at last she told her determinedly that a repetition of the obnoxious word would bring severe punishment. The child knew that her brother was in earnest, so she set a seal on her lips. At last she seemed to have forgotten it; but one Sunday Mrs. Jones, who had been too lazy to go to church, asked her if she could tell what the minister had preached about in his sermon. "Oh, yes'm," she answered. "He preached about our Lord going up to the mountain and being tempted by—by the gentleman who keeps hell!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### HAS BLOOD OF ALL RACES.

Negro, Malay, Mongol, Caucasian and Even American Indian Mingle in the Filipino.

Ethnologists of the Smithsonian institution have investigated the Filipinos, with results that are of rare interest to science. They have called attention to the fact that in the veins of the tribes of the archipelago flows the blood of all the races and varieties of mankind, says the Scientific American. In the makeup of the composite Filipino, the darker substratum has been supplied by Negro, Papuan and African negro. A copper tint and fighting blood have been furnished by Malay and Polynesian. A lighter hue and certain arts have come from Japanese, Chinese and Cambodian. Hamite, Semite and Aryan have stamped their image upon the islanders. Even an ancient stream of Caucasian is traced by ethnologists; and, stranger still, perhaps, the discovery has been made that a rivulet of American Indian blood found its way to the cosmopolitan veins of the Filipino through the channels of two centuries of uninterrupted commerce between Mexico and Peru and the archipelago. In view of this converging of racial streams in the Filipino, scientists of the American bureau of ethnology hope that a detailed investigation of the habits, implements, relics, beliefs, legends, etc., of the various tribes of these islands will be undertaken. In addition to exploration in search of prehistoric crania in caves, the purpose is to make a comprehensive collection of native hammers, saws, adzes, clamps and every primitive implement representative of stages of invention between the stone age and modern times. It is expected, too, that instruments of prehistoric engineering may be found. It is known that some of the Filipino tribes are skillful metallurgists, inheriting doubtless from ancient Malay artisans dexterity in fine hand processes. It is hoped by the scientists that additions to one of the most interesting chapters in human history will be made through discoveries in the Philippines of the secrets concerning the ancient arts of working metals. Collections are to be made of the early poetry, tribal proverbs, legends, folklores and all literary material, particularly that which will reveal the influence of the invasion from India that took place several centuries before the Christian era. The anthropologists who are to attempt the untangling of the record of centuries of race interfusion in the Philippines realize that they have a very big undertaking on their hands, but this gives added zest to the research. The United States treasury department has assured the scientists about to embark on ethnological work in the Philippines that collections brought back for the Smithsonian institution will not be subject to duty. His Is a Job That Is Not at All Desirable and Full of Danger. The ladrones in the provinces of Rizal and Bulacan are making the work of the census enumerators very hazardous and unpleasant at the present time, and a number of them are sending in their resignations, says a recent report by Manila cable news. One evening lately an enumerator was taken prisoner by a band of the ladrones, and after he had succeeded in making the leader believe that he was no spy he was set at liberty again, not, however, until he received a thorough fright and remained in jail for 24 hours. The ladrones were curious to know what was meant by the tags which the enumerators was passing over the doors of houses and balconies. The enumerator evidently demonstrated to his captors that the slip had no significance other than to show that the inmates of the houses had been enumerated for the census bureau. At the time of the capture of the enumerator, he was working in the barrio of Mayson, a barrio of Polo. Among the enumerators are a number of school-teachers, and they are not overpleased with the prospects of being molested in their work, and some of them have signified their intention of resigning. It is said that the people are not at home in the barrios, and under the present circumstances it is very difficult to make a reliable count of the inhabitants of these two provinces. The people are partially concentrated in the towns and those who are still in their homes in the country are accustomed to hide themselves on the approach of any stranger. The work of the census enumerators is, therefore, arduous and somewhat dangerous. Affection. Citiman-Backett says there are lots of pretty cottages in North Swamphurst, and he has one of the prettiest. He says everything is Queen Anne down there. Subbub (of South Swamphurst)—Isn't he affected, though? Trust him to think up a new way to pronounce "guanine."—Philadelphia Press. Happiness and Pleasure. One reason happiness is so scarce is because we mistake pleasure for it. Pleasure blows its trumpet loudly in the marketplace, and we are taken in by its clapping. But happiness sits apart and is often overlooked because so simple and unpretentious.—Chicago Journal. Where He Drew the Line. She—And you refuse to get me my summer clothes? He—I most certainly do. "Didn't you say you'd go through fire and water for me?" "Yes; but I'm hanged if I'm willing to go through bankruptcy.—Yonkers Statesman. Perseverance Wins. Kerwin—After trying for 10 long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect. Parker—Are you sure of it? Kerwin—That's what. It was only this morning that she told me I was a perfect idiot.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### THE DATTO OF ILIGAN.

A Chicago Man Who Has Great Power in a District Under the Sultan of Sulu.

After falling in love with an American girl whom he had never seen, Kiram, the sentimental sultan of Sulu, has issued a mandate and heaped honors upon the head of a Chicago man. Each day in Iligan in the Lake Lanao district of the far-away island of Mindanao, Captain John J. Pershing calls about him the dusky inhabitants and dispenses what little law he has to guide him. Capt. Pershing is what Kiram calls a datto. A datto is a bigger man in Iligan than the mayor is in Chicago, and Capt. Pershing is the first American to become a datto, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. The present datto of Iligan was formerly a well-known bachelor of Kenwood, and there he led many a cotillon and created many a flutter in one of the smartest circles. He was one of the eligibles. But he went to war and now he is a datto as well as a bachelor. He was soon made a datto upon request of the sultan's subjects and has been given the same rank as the princes of Sulu enjoy. To be a datto is almost as interesting as being the sultan himself. Datto Pershing is subject to the commands of the sultan, that is so far as is commensurate with his duty to the stars and stripes. But in spite of the fact that the sultan of Sulu is supreme in authority, Capt. Pershing is virtually an independent ruler in his own district of Lake Lanao, wielding a kind of mystic power over the Moros which not even the sultan himself may boast of. For Datto Pershing is a white man, and the pale skin of Americans is an awesome thing to Moro superstition. He has been hailed as a "prophet" as a divine messenger sent by Mohammed and the president of the United States to teach them the ways of civilization. Datto Pershing's councils held each morning with Moro chiefs are famed from corner to corner of Mindanao, and a continual procession of savages visits the white man's tent. He is counselor, guide, and prophet for the entire district, and every conceivable kind of business, both private and public, is brought to him for adjustment. When Gen. Davis, commanding the department of Mindanao and Jolo, sent Pershing to Iligan as commanding officer, he selected one of the most efficient officers in his command to preside over the turbulent district of Lake Lanao. Datto Pershing's levees are more like family councils than anything else. The sultan's brilliant-eyed Moro bellies bring gifts of tropical fruits and rare-woven textures to lay at his feet. Their attitude toward him is one of worshipful adoration. Mothers carry their children to him to receive his commendation, for 'tis said that the favor of Datto Pershing will insure a bright future. He lives on terms of friendliness with the natives, and his very unpretentious bearing, his very apparent attitude of friendliness, won them from the beginning, and they made him their chief officer when they found that rule with him meant kindness, sympathy and understanding. Alone and unarmed, he ventured into the district which he commands, establishing himself there at the very doorstep of the Moro stronghold. His very coolness won their admiration. And when they found that he had come as a friend, instead of an enemy, it won them unconditionally. The savage Moros appreciate genuine friendship. They know the datto is in sympathy with them, for he has paid them the compliment of respecting their customs, and they carry their grievances and their difficulties to him as children would to a parent. His rule seems to be absolute without exception. They go to him for permission to marry, even persons of distinction showing him this confidence. He stands sponsor at the wedding, settles differences between rancheros, and is judge, ruler, and father in one. He rules by persuasion mainly, and has all respect and reverence for him because he has taken the trouble to come in touch with them and to understand them. When he sits in council, with the Moro chiefs in a circle about him, they hang upon his words in rapt attention, and follow his requests to the letter. So firmly fixed is he in this respect that the Chicago bred datto may venture with impunity into any fortified stronghold under Moro command. Leaders from all parts of the country crowd about him when he ventures out of Iligan. He has had judgment enough to talk of no religion save their Mohammedan beliefs, and he quotes the Koran with them daily and discusses their own laws better than the best informed priest or pundit among them. He has placed them upon their honor in carrying out his orders. His influence is so strong that he makes periodical expeditions about the lake with a mere handful of men, passing en route under the very gates of Bacolod, the native stronghold, venturing among rancheros where the inhabitants have never seen a white man, and he is invariably received with barbaric pomp and ceremony. At an outbreak of hostilities in Mindanao he held the North Lake Moros out of the resisting force solely by personal influence. He makes each native datto with whom he comes in contact think there is none other who is on quite such terms of confidence, nor who holds quite so important a position in the eyes of the American commandant as himself. All who have ever met him have returned peacefully to their homes, and laid down their arms. The Phrase Applied. "Understand that most of the professors got a trifle mellow at last night's banquet," said one undergraduate to another. "Well," was the reply, "the college certainly had a happy faculty about that time."—Detroit Free Press. An Effective Disguise. Church—Did you say the man was a Chicago man in disguise? Gotham—That's just what he was. "How was he disguised?" "He had put on a clean collar just before reaching New York."—Yonkers Statesman. At the Small End. When a man comes out at the small end of the horn he is said to have got the worst of it—yet it's the man at the little end of the horn that makes Lincoln heard.—Chicago Daily News.

### THE PHILIPPINE TROUBLE.

Native Musicians Play the Aguinaldo March with More Spirit Than They Do the Star Spangled Banner.

The last bundle of newspapers from Manila gives an insight into political affairs there that would never be gleaned from the official dispatches. The Filipino appear to be in constant dread of the extraordinary laws that the Philippine commission have enacted to govern and enlighten them. They still worship Aguinaldo and hope for freedom. Some patriot musician amongst them has composed the "Aguinaldo March," and, as the commission imagines they were appointed not only to make the laws but to be the censors of the public morals and of their patriotism, they enacted a law that when the "Aguinaldo March" was played the "Star-Spangled Banner" must follow. This law or ordinance seems to have been inserted by the commission on purpose to instill into the Filipino heart that Aguinaldo was equal to Uncle Sam. The effect, anyway, has been to incite a vast respect and love for their own national anthem and a dislike for ours. The Filipino is wily and tricky; he has been for centuries learning to delude and beguile the Spaniards into believing that he was satisfied with his masters, but every few years the smothered patriotism would break forth and a serious rebellion would show that every mother's son of them would fight for freedom. The Spaniards enacted preposterous laws to keep the Filipinos in subjection, but who can stifle the love of liberty and independence in the human breast that once has absorbed it. The Philippine commission that the United States has appointed to govern these Filipinos have in many respects followed the bad example of the Spaniards by enacting vicious and absurd laws against sedition, the ordinance about playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" being an example. The Filipinos are natural musicians and they obeyed the law, but the effect was, as might be expected, entirely different from that intended by the commission. When the Filipino bands played Aguinaldo's march it was performed with a vim and precision that set every native heart on fire. When the "Star-Spangled Banner" followed it was rendered in a listless and uninspiring way that begets indifference, if not derision. The letter of the law is obeyed, but in spirit it is dead. The commission has at its beck and call an army of police, detectives, scouts and secret service men who by day and night try to entrap the disloyal Filipino. The Manila American of February 5 describes their attempt to close the Bial theater because the play was considered disloyal, and gives the following outline of the play that has been placed under the ban: "Mind Aco Patay" is an opera of the most subtle character. While there is not a line in it that would appear revolutionary on its face, there is a double meaning to almost every word in the play. The heroine is a young woman who is costumed as 'Filipina Libre.' The villain is made up as an American soldier, and what the heroine does not say about that young man is not worth saying from a revolutionary standpoint. The play is cheered from beginning to end, and it is easy to see from the expression on the faces of the audience that it understands well the revolutionary sentiments expressed by the play. The final scene is typical of the whole play. The rising sun, the emblem of the crushed 'Filipino republic,' is seen to rise behind a stage setting representing a mountain. As it rises the orchestra plays the 'Aguinaldo March.' By the time the march is finished and the audience has ceased cheering the sun has reached its zenith, and remains stationary. Then the 'Star-Spangled Banner' is played. This is done solely to comply with the law recently passed by the commission—permitting the 'Aguinaldo March' to be played provided the national air of the United States is played immediately afterward. But there is no cheering while the 'Star-Spangled Banner' is being played. However, there is no dearth of hissing and cat-calls and other demonstrations of disapproval. And all of this has been done right here in the city of Manila, not once but many times, during the past month." The American also states that Juan Matapa, the native author of the play, is probably in serious trouble for writing such a production. The commission may hang or imprison Matapa, but it is folly to imagine they can change the hearts of his countrymen. If this news from the Philippines was not so disastrous to the hopes of the people of the United States, who have paid so dearly for their whistle, and so at variance with the official utterances of the commission, it would be laughable and could be looked upon as of the opera house order. But \$100,000,000 a year is a pretty high price to pay for a smile. New Ethical Code of Army. It is really moving to read the reports and protests in regard to Gen. Miles' terrible indiscretion in publishing some truth about outrages in the Philippines. It is positively shocking, we are told, that an officer should thus criticize his fellows, and, besides, what is to become of discipline? Apparently the true code of army morality requires an officer to keep silent in the face of all wrongs, lest he "foul his own nest" and reflect upon a brother officer. Soldiers and sailors, we learn, must not be criticized at any time. To prosecute them for smuggling is never to prosecute, but always to persecute. As for discipline, it is perfectly correct for any number of subordinates to assail the commanding general—when the latter is not in favor with the administration. But surely the service is going to the dogs when the commanding general, acting as an inspector or under orders of his secretary of war, is allowed to find fault with his subordinates. The new code of army ethics is thus growing rapidly.—N. Y. Post. The Astronomers tell us that the weather is governed by spots on the sun and that these spots were the cause of the panic of 1892-3. As spots are again appearing and the weather in consequence is very unreasonable, another panic is probable unless the astronomers are mistaken.



"Trust Regulators are useless while the trusts have their High Tariff bottle."

### FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

Republican Senators Working in Secret on Laws Which Will Favor Corporations.

The future financial affairs of the United States are in the hands of four men, and the next session of congress is expected to ratify the financial bill they have been formulating. Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is the leader of these astute republican politicians and his well-known connection with the great trust and corporation interests bodes ill for the ordinary taxpayer. Senator Allison is another of the four, and the railroad corporations of the west have ever counted him as their friend. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, forms the third of the quartette, and his vote in the senate has universally been for the corporations and combines. Senator Spooner is the remaining one, and, being the leader of the corporation interests in Wisconsin, his vote in the senate may be relied on for the legislation that Wall street demands. The financial bill that these four leaders of the republican party will evolve will without doubt be the most adroitly drawn proposition that has ever been presented to congress. The great banking interests will gladly lend their greatest lawyers to add their skill to that of the committee. The experts of the treasury department are all at the service of congress, and have already prepared data at Senator Aldrich's request. The people who are finally to pay the bills and suffer the consequences of this legislation that the corporations demand, have no voice or influence in preparing the law. No democratic member of the senate will probably be allowed to know what the bill will call for until the last moment possible before it is introduced. Thus ambiguous or obscurely worded sections, that may conceal provisions especially favorable to the bankers, are the more likely to escape criticism or amendment. It will be remembered that the Aldrich bill which was defeated by the opposition of the democrats at the last session by threatening to debate it fully, was introduced late in the session and was intended to be rushed through without debate. When the new bill is introduced at the opening of the coming congress, it will be futile for the democrats to attempt to filibuster against it successfully. They may delay its passage by fully discussing it, but as congress will sit for probably eight months it will be impossible to talk the most obnoxious bills to death that are brought forward early in the session. There is a gleam of hope for the people in the position that it is possible the house of representatives may take on this important legislation. There are two factions in that body, one demanding asset currency and the other following the lead of the senators above mentioned. This difference of opinion may lead to a division and allow the democrats, with the help of a few honest republicans, to defeat any very obnoxious legislation. The voters will do well to let their representatives know that they are watching this proposed legislation and that those who vote for a bill that is entirely in the interest of the Wall street banks will not receive their votes when the new congress is elected next year. DRIFT OF OPINION. If there is to be no more trust-busting what was the good of whetting our appetites with just a smell of the ham on the bread. Judge Thayer, who wrote the merger decision, is a democrat. When the case gets to the supreme court, the republican majority there may reverse the decision and give Wall street another lease of life for its railroad combinations. Postmaster General Payne is in a quandary. To go forward with the investigation of the scandals in his department will involve republican politicians of high degree and to suppress the evidence would be disastrous politically to the administration. Secretary Hay had to take the back track and express regret to Russia over his "temporary misconception" of that country's purpose relative to Manchuria. Our state department does not seem to have much conception of what diplomacy really is—a struggle for spoils. Gov. Cummins, of Iowa, should be allowed to trot a few paces in the presidential lists. Iowa has a tariff eccentricity, but since the announcement that the skillful Senator Allison is to write the state platform the country may be well assured that everything in Iowa will be serene. Mr. Allison is a statesman with an oil can.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Publicity is one of the strong cards of President Roosevelt, though so far he has not told an anxious country how to make the trusts let up in their depredations on the public purse, though he is talking every day on the subject. His cabinet officers, however, seem to shrink from publishing the facts about the scandals in their departments, especially Secretaries Payne and Root. When the president can spare time enough to look into the scandals perhaps he may take the people into his confidence and reorganize these rotten departments.